

Anonymous

by doofusface

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Summary: NightFury is now online. StormChaser is now online. Modern AU.

## 1. Login

**\*\*I SAID I WOULDN'T DO ANOTHER AU BUT I LIEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEED\*\***

**\*\*(I didn't, I just got a mighty nEED)\*\***

**\*\*So internet friend AU, why not. Mostly gonna be in chats, and... yeah. Wee.\*\***

**\*\*Disclaimer: DON'T OWN HTTYD. sadface.\*\***

**\* \* \***

><p>He stared at the computer screen.<p>

The black line blinked. The form was empty, taunting him with the prospect of... er, anything, really. Hiccup still didn't know why he'd signed up for the Anonymous Interactions program (lies, he totally knew why: he was curious).

It wasn't, like, required, or anything, but Hiccup figured it would be fun. Besides, he didn't have anything to lose, considering the entire program was anonymous (unless you didn't want it to be), and he didn't exactly have friends, you know?

The system was set up as a social exercise by the school: open to all enrolled students as an effort to "forge bonds between and amongst the student body during the challenging years of high school".

He wanted this to be a fresh start, and heck, it was freshman year, and a lot of people were signing up, and maaaybe he'd get

paired with a girl who miiight want to go off anon. Or even better, someone who would publicly acknowledge his existence.

The possibility was enough for him, really. Gotta be an optimist during trying times.

So he logged on.

\* \* \*

><p><em>September 4. 8:03 p.m.<em>

\_NightFury is now online.\_

\_StormChaser is now online.\_

\*\*NightFury: \*\*hi

\*\*StormChaser:\*\* Hey.

\*\*NightFury: \*\*so... how does this work?

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Dunno.

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Are we staying on anon?

\*\*NightFury: \*\*i am if you are

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*okay. i am.

\*\*NightFury: \*\*cool

\* \* \*

><p>"Okay, <em>now<em> what?" Hiccup said to no one in particular as he sat in his-messy-room, suddenly aware of the odd reality of their conversation.

How awkward the situation was.

"What do we even talk ab-"

\* \* \*

><p><strong>StormChaser: <strong>So... Freshman?

\* \* \*

><p>Hiccup considered lying; he considered making a fantasy world where <em>he<em> was the star football player-and he meant the kind where you actually use your feet-football, not American football, by the way-scoring goals and generally being fit and whatnot.

He wanted to pretend he was popular. Accepted. A junior or senior, not a lousy freshman with zero hand-eye coordination when it came to ball-related sports.

But then, that would ruin the whole point, wouldn't it?

\* \* \*

><p><strong>NightFury: <strong>yeah. you?

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Same.

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Big school.

\*\*NightFury: \*\*yeah, lots of pressure

\_StormChaser is typing something...\_

\* \* \*

><p>He waited, hoping maybe the next message would be a clue of some sort to this person's identity.<p>

Mostly because he was double-hoping it wasn't Snotlout.

"Too nice, though," Hiccup whispered to himself, rubbing his chin thoughtfully. "Cancels out all the populars, I guess."

\* \* \*

><p><strong>StormChaser: <strong>Oh, I gotta go. Do we exchange numbers, or...?

\*\*NightFury: \*\*oh

\*\*NightFury: \*\*sure

\*\*NightFury: \*\*735-903-2673

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*735-246-9024

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Cool.

\*\*NightFury: \*\*will you be at school tomorrow?

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Def. First day.

\*\*NightFury: \*\*right. will i see you?

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Def. Will I see YOU?

\*\*NightFury: \*\*probs not

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Haha. This will be fun.

\*\*NightFury: \*\*what, a "where's waldo" but with real people?

\*\*NightFury: \*\*at Berk Academy?

\*\*NightFury: \*\*you don't say

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*No, "Where's Waldo" is easy. This is a \_challenge\_.

\*\*NightFury: \*\*bring it

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*You're going down, Night.

\*\*NightFury: \*\*i really doubt that

\*\*NightFury: \*\*didn't you need to leave?

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Oh!

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Right.

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*I texted you, by the way. Did you get it?

\*\*NightFury: \*\*hang on

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Hanging.

\*\*NightFury: \*\*harhar

\* \* \*

><p>He liked this StormChaser person already. Spunky.<p>

"Guess I'm not a lost cause in the 'making friends' department."

Hiccup checked his phone; it beeped, and an unknown number lit up the screen. The message read: \_StormChaser, here. Please don't be a creeper.\_

"Well, I guess I don't know you, Stormy," Hiccup breathed, unsure if he was relieved or not. "Then again, I don't think I have \_any \_of our classmates' numbers. Welp."

\* \* \*

><p><strong>NightFury: <strong>yeah, got it

\*\*NightFury: \*\*and im not a creeper

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*That's what a creeper says.

\*\*NightFury: \*\*...

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*It was a joke!

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*I'm joking.

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*...Well, half.

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Please don't be one of the Berserker kids from the South Wing.

\* \* \*

><p>South Wing was reject country-not the kind Hiccup was accustomed to, mind. It was <em>hardcore<em> crazies, kids who liked bringing on the hurt and doing a bunch of illegal things. Their group leader was called \_Dagur\_-pronounced like the knife you use to \_stab people\_.

Funnily enough, his full nickname was "Dagur the Deranged", as if the group's "Berserker" status wasn't scary enough.

Funnier? Dagur started paying attention to Hiccup when he found out the scrawny kid was going to be a freshman. "If you need anything taken care of... Well, you know," he'd said, grinning like a rabid wolf minus the frothing.

Hiccup still had nightmares about that day.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>NightFury: <strong>nope, not a berserker

\*\*NightFury: \*\*but they wouldn't touch me anyway

\_NightFury is typing...\_

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Ugh, gotta go for real now.

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Text me!

\_StormChaser is now offline.\_

\*\*NightFury: \*\*cause dagur considers me his lil bro now for some reason

\*\*NightFury: \*\*oh whoops

\*\*NightFury: \*\*okay

\*\*NightFury: \*\*wait

\*\*NightFury: \*\*does this thing even register messages after you log off

\*\*NightFury: \*\*...no it does not

\*\*NightFury: \*\*\*rambles to self\*

\_NightFury is now offline.\_

\* \* \*

><p>Hiccup took to his phone-there was <em>one<em> thing he wanted to ask before he forgot.

\_totally unimportant, but g or b?\_ he typed.

To be honest, the thought of landing a girlfriend directly through the site had completely left his mind-at this point, and with Stormy being a fairly chill person, he just wanted to know if he could at least extract some girl advice.

From, y'know, a girl.

Right as he sent it, his phone beeped with an identical message from his new friend.

"Huh. Whaddya kno-" he was cut off by his phone beeping again, this time containing a message that said, \_Haha. Jinx. G.\_

\_b\_, he texted back. \_and still not a creeper.\_

Another familiar beep: \_Still what creepers say. Talk in a bit. Or later. Or tomorrow. Not really sure.\_

Hiccup laughed, replying, \_i'll be here. lounging. being a bum.

—

"This is gonna be \_interesting\_," he said to himself, the faintest of creaks coming from his bedroom door.

A black cat entered, jumping up onto the boy's bed, turning round before nuzzling itself to sleep on the pillow.

Hiccup walked up to his bed-still in his pajamas-plopping down beside the feline. "Mm... Good idea, bud."

And to snooze-land they went.

...Accidentally waking up the next morning instead of, say, 20 minutes later.

Oops.

(He totally missed the next few texts from ol' Stormy, completely thought he made himself look like a A-class jerkface to his new friend, and \_gosh darn she might think \_he's\_ Snotlout now\_.)

(Like, not as bad a Berserker, but still pretty bad.)

So much for fresh starts.

\* \* \*

<p><strong>blah blah r&amp;r blah blah if you care blah  
blah<strong>

\*\*(Still working on that other in-verse one. It's gonna be  
heeeecckaaaaa long. ;o;)\*\*

## 2. First Days and Cakes

\*\*Hi, yes, I'm writing the rest of this mostly as chats and texts, so if you're looking for long paragraphs and whatnot, I'd like to direct you to my \_other\_ modern AU on my page.\*\*

\*\*Same disclaimer from here on out, too.\*\*

\* \* \*

<p><em>September 5. 4:17 p.m.<em>

\_StormChaser is now online.\_

\*\*StormChaser:\*\* Doodoodoo.

**\*\*StormChaser:\*\*** You here, Night?

**\*\*StormChaser:\*\*** ...Obviously not.

\_NightFury is now online.\_

**\*\*StormChaser:\*\*** What timing.

**\*\*NightFury: \*\***huh?

**\*\*StormChaser:\*\*** Nothing.

**\*\*StormChaser:\*\*** Miss me?

**\*\*NightFury: \*\***eh

**\*\*NightFury: \*\***i barely know you

**\*\*StormChaser:\*\*** Ouch.

**\*\*NightFury: \*\***heh

**\*\*NightFury: \*\***why?

**\*\*NightFury: \*\***you miss me?

**\*\*StormChaser:\*\*** Like you said, I barely know you.

**\*\*StormChaser:\*\*** :P

**\*\*NightFury: \*\***harhar

**\*\*NightFury: \*\***how was class?

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\***Perfect.

\_NightFury is typing...\_

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\***Yes, that was sarcasm.

**\*\*NightFury: \*\***oh okay

**\*\*NightFury: \*\***same here

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\***...Do we talk about it? Because secret IDs.

**\*\*NightFury: \*\***i guess? i don't think we're in the same crowds

**\*\*NightFury: \*\***and wasn't that the point?

**\*\*NightFury: \*\***like a venting outlet or something

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\***True.

**\*\*NightFury: \*\***you first, milady

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\***...Are you \_flirting\_?

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*i hope not**

**\_StormChaser is typing...\_**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*i was gonna ask you for girl advice  
tbh**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Oh, okay.**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*I was gonna ask \_you\_ for guy advice,  
tbh.**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*whooaaaa**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*true friendship**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*i think we've found it!**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Haha**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*do my eyes deceive me**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*did you just...**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*NOT**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*use a punctuation mark?**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*WHAT IS THE WORLD COMING TO?!**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Oh, shut up.**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*That was laughing, it's acceptable to not to use  
punctuation marks.**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*And you? You just capitalized.**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*i am sticking my tongue out at you right  
now**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Nerd.**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*that i am**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Oho. Thanks for the clue.**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*(\_I'm\_ winning this thing.)**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*...**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*dang it**

**\_NightFury is typing...\_**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Ugh, gotta run.**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Again.**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Sorry.**



\*\*NightFury: \*\*is it always going to be like this?

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Maybe?

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*I'll vent to you later.

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Promise.

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*I'll be back. Probably.

\*\*NightFury: \*\*and ill be here

\*\*NightFury: \*\*maybe

\*\*NightFury:\*\* just text i guess

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Yup.

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Bye, Night.

\*\*NightFury: \*\*bye

\_StormChaser is now offline.\_

\*\*NightFury: \*\*\*dancing with my se-elf\*

\_NightFury is now offline.\_

\* \* \*

><p>The break was good for a couple of reasons: first, Hiccup already spent waaay too much time by his lonesome (though, for the most part, he liked to while away the hours by building things, not lounging on the computer), and second, today being the first day of school, they already had homework.<p>

Which he \_probably\_ should get on.

Like, ASAP.

"Blehheh, don't wanna," he whined to himself, dropping his head onto his hands. "High school \_sucks\_."

His gaze strayed to the computer screen again-the blinking black line and the empty login form. His new buddy. His \_cool\_ new buddy, who didn't mind that he was a nerd.

The social pyramid would come a-tumblin' a lot sooner if the school set this up a \_lot\_ earlier.

...Then again, it \_could\_ \_just\_ be that she was on the same lower-class plane. But he highly doubted that, considering he \_knew\_ the nerd-class. And they didn't like him either.

So yeah, high school sucked.

Hiccup smiled. "But not \_that\_ much."

'Cause now he had a shot at getting his act together.

\* \* \*

><p>1 new message from Stormy: <em>Be home in 5. You free? <em>

You sent: \_no, but i don't like homework, so yes.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_You're going to be a terrible influence.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Wait, I thought you were one of the nerds?\_

You sent: \_i said i was a nerd. didn't say i was in their group\_

You sent: \_why? perplexed?\_

1 new message from Stormy: ...\_Dang it.\_

You sent: \_heh. i can still win this~\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Oh, shut up.\_

You sent: \_touchy.\_

1 new message fromStormy: \_Home. Be on in a bit.\_

You sent: \_potassium\_

\* \* \*

><p><em>September 5. 7:43 p.m.<em>

\_NightFury is now online.\_

\*\*NightFury: \*\*\*whistles to self\*

\_StormChaser is now online.\_

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Nerd.

\*\*NightFury: \*\*not a nerd

\*\*NightFury: \*\*wait what ARE you

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Why should I say?

\*\*NightFury: \*\*because so far you like fair play

\*\*NightFury: \*\*and giving that information would be fair play

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*It would be \_cheating\_, on your end.

\*\*NightFury: \*\*drat

\*\*NightFury: \*\*i've been found out

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Ha!

\*\*NightFury: \*\*so where've you been?

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Hmm?

\*\*NightFury: \*\*you left for like four hours

\*\*NightFury: \*\*quick beach trip? date? quick beach trip FOR a date?

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*No, I wish, I wish.

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*How 'bout you? Any of the above?

\*\*NightFury: \*\*i wish to all three

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Stayed home with homework?

\*\*NightFury: \*\*i thought that that was established already, but yes

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Touchy.

\*\*NightFury: \*\*don't use that on me

\*\*NightFury: \*\*i came up with that

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*'Touchy' has been used since before we were born, nerd.

\*\*NightFury: \*\*i

\*\*NightFury: \*\*...

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*HA.

\*\*NightFury: \*\*not a word of this to \_anyone\_

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*No worries. None of my friends know I joined the program.

\*\*NightFury: \*\*what

\*\*NightFury: \*\*why?

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*That's a loaded question.

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Skip?

\*\*NightFury: \*\*okay but

\*\*NightFury: \*\*i mean

\*\*NightFury: \*\*they shouldn't judge you if they're really your friends

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*It's complicated, I guess.

\*\*NightFury: \*\*maybe im just an idealist

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*You say that like it's a bad thing.

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*well lienea a jsda ghd ki**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Uh...?**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\* ,mki dsea**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*":[ [artrg**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Dude, are you okay?**

**\_NightFury is typing...\_**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*yes that was just my cat saying hi**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*sort of**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Aw, hi kitty!**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Can you tell me her name or is that a clue?**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*nah**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*no one knows i have a pet so**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*also HIS name is toothless**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Cutie.**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*do YOU have pets? or...?**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*I have a greyhound named Stormfly. Hence the handle.**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*I don't talk about her at school, though.**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*ooh. dog person.**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Ha, does that mean our friendship is over?**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*nahhh. im an animal person in general. how bout you?**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Same.**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*and again i say:**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*~true friendship~**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*I'm gonna assume that that was supposed to have confetti or something.**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*indeed**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Good. Then we're on the same wavelength.**

**\* \* \***

><p>The door creaked open.<p>

"Son?"

The voice came from a large man with an equally large beard, caked in what looked like flour and wearing a stained apron with the words "#1 Dad" on the front.

(Hiccup had given it to him two years prior on Father's Day as a blatant message along the lines of: "Please don't let Mom cook the meatballs ever again PLEASE FATHER, IF YOU LOVE ME, \_PLEASE\_.")

(To the boy's credit, it worked. He has yet to receive meat-related stomachaches.)

Hiccup turned and Toothless climbed up to his shoulder, pretending to be a bird. "Yeah Dad?"

"I could use some, \_ah\_, \_help\_, with the-ah, \_baked goods\_," Stoick said, raising his eyebrows in a "your mother could be lurking around the corner-even though we both know she's still at work-and she can't know about the cake" sort of way.

"Oh, right, sure, right behind you," Hiccup replied hastily.

Stoick exhaled. Hiccup could hear him muttering as he left the room: "Okay, alright, I can do this. I'm a CEO of a bloody cake company, I can DO this..."

\* \* \*

><p><em>September 5. 8:25 p.m.<em>

\_NightFury is now offline.\_

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*What the-?

\* \* \*

><p>You sent: <em>sorry for cutting out. dad needs help with something<em>

1 new message from Stormy: \_Just know: you can never complain about my leaving habits ever again.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_At least \_I \_don't disappear.\_

You sent: \_fair enough\_

You sent: \_might not make it back\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_So dramatic.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Goodnight?\_

You sent: \_yep. g'night\_

\* \* \*

><p><strong>What <em>flair<em>.\*\*

\*\*(hahahahaha refuses to have Valka leave in any and all modern AUs  
COME AT ME)\*\*

\*\*R&R? please?\*\*

### 3. Nothing and Something

\*\*YAY 1K VIEWS \*\*

\*\*EXTRA YAY LOTS OF REVIEWS! + bonus YAY for frosty! hey  
buddy!\*\*

\*\*...and here we go.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><em>September 8. 11:45 a.m.<em>

\_StormChaser is now online.\_

\_NightFury is now online.\_

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*And you called because...?

\*\*NightFury: \*\*i was trying to trick you to answer

\*\*NightFury: \*\*almost had you

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*No, actually, you didn't.

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Might work for Snotlout, though.

\*\*NightFury: \*\*that it might

\*\*NightFury: \*\*so how was the past couple days?

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Sucky.

\*\*NightFury: \*\*should we talk about it?

\*\*NightFury: \*\*considering you owe me a vent session and  
all

\*\*NightFury: \*\*but no pressure

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Guess it wouldn't hurt.

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*One of my friends almost got us all in trouble the  
other day.

\_NightFury is typing...\_

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*(Details will spoil my ID, though,  
so...)

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Long story short, I am now grounded.

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Oh, but at least Stormfly still loves me. So there's

that.

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*animals are the beeest**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*can i get an amen**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*AMEN.**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*haha**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*How 'bout you? Anything to report?**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*well mom liked her cake**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*didn't believe we \_didn't\_ buy it, but  
yeah**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\* (that's why i had to leave last  
wednesday)**

**\_StormChaser is typing...\_**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*oh**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*and i am still nowhere on the radar of the girl i  
like**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*but toothless just fell asleep on my  
foot**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*guess there's that, huh?**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Aw, poor thing.**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*thanks**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*I meant Toothless.**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*...**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Hehe.**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*hilarious**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*...he refuses to move**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*I'm gonna need proof.**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Picture!**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*no way!**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*my clothes will be a giveaway**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Why do I doubt that?**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*beeecause im just an anonymous person on the  
internet**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*who happens to go to the same school as**

you

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*so your trust levels are below negative**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Nerd.**

**\_NightFury is typing...\_**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*But whatever, I won't force it out of you.**

**\* \* \***

><p>Hiccup released the breath he didn't know he was holding. "Dodged that one," he whispered to the snoozing black cat.<p>

It's not like he was lying about his clothes being a giveaway, technically; it's just that well, with the other 400 or so freshman students, he was the only one with a prosthetic.

(Short version of a long story: freak accident + fire + bear + infection + few years ago = hello peg leg.)

Toothless rolled slightly-or a lot, not like he could feel it or anything-and purred.

Hiccup frowned. "So encouraging, bud."

**\* \* \***

><p><strong>NightFury: <strong>many thanks, milady

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*which reminds me**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*can i ask for girl advice**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Go for it.**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Not like I'm going anywhere today.**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*gee thanks**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*you make me feel so important**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Sorry, bad mood.**

**\_NightFury is typing...\_**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Want that help or not?**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*does a mouse want cheese?**

**\_StormChaser is typing...\_**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*okay okay ill stop**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*but real talk**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*i dont think she knows i exist**



\_StormChaser is typing...\_

\*\*NightFury: \*\*well no she does, probably, but she probably hates me or something

\*\*NightFury: \*\*one of those kinds of people with unreadable faces i guess

\*\*NightFury: \*\*kinda mean

\*\*NightFury: \*\*except this one time, when she helped out Gothi cross the street

\*\*NightFury: \*\*maybe she only likes old people idk

\* \* \*

><p><em>And somewhere that isn't Hiccup's house, or his room, or his anything, actually-in fact, we're now at Astrid's place, because Astrid is quite confused at this sudden development, like, really, REALLY CONFUSED, and well... You'll see:<em>

"Wait what," she blurted out, tilting her head at the screen as if she'd just read the spoilers for the new \_Dragons\_ movie. Stormfly raised her head off the floor, mimicking her owner's position.

"Roo?"

Astrid bit her lip. "Nah. Nothing, girl. It's nothing."

(Except, like in all things, it was not, in fact, 'nothing', because she was \_pretty freaking sure\_ there was no one around whenever she helped out Gothi-mostly because her "friends" would have some \_interesting\_ thoughts if they'd seen her being \_nice\_.)

(Unless-and she was going with this theory for now-he \_wasn't\_ talking about \_her\_.)

"Who \_are\_ you, NightFury?"

\* \* \*

><p><strong>NightFury: <strong>really pretty

\*\*NightFury: \*\*andddd i am rambling, aren't i?

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*A little.

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Not that I mind.

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*So... is she someone I know?

\*\*NightFury: \*\*uhhhhh probably

\_StormChaser is typing...\_

\*\*NightFury: \*\*but id rather not say who yknow?

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Fair.

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*So what advice are we talking about, here?

\*\*NightFury: \*\*dunno really

\*\*NightFury: \*\*how do i get noticed, i guess?

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Well...

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*I for one think if she doesn't like you for who you are, she's not worth it.

\* \* \*

><p>Did she mention she really hoped he was talking about someone who <em>wasn't <em>her?

Because she \_really hoped he wasn't talking about her\_, otherwise this advice would \_suck\_.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>NightFury: <strong>ah.

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Be yourself, dude.

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*If she comes around, cool, if not, sucks for her, I guess.

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Stay real and all that.

\*\*NightFury: \*\*fair

\*\*NightFury: \*\*so, anything on your end?

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*What?

\*\*NightFury: \*\*you said you were gonna ask for guy advice

\*\*NightFury: \*\*go forth

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Uhm...

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*I wouldn't know where to start.

\_NightFury is typing...\_

\_StormChaser is typing...\_

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*I tend to push people away, y'know?

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Even my friends.

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*I'm really a loner, mostly.

\*\*NightFury: \*\*well

\*\*NightFury: \*\*you're not getting rid of \_me\_

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*my parents say im stubborn**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Saaaameeee.**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Mega-stubborn.**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*like if i was a rock formation**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*i would be a mountain**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*cause im a pain to move**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Exactly.**

**\_NightFury is typing...\_**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*I guess... I don't know, I don't \_know\_ why I like him.**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*He's smart?**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*He's really selfless. I think that's why.**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*I need lessons on that front.**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*why do i doubt that**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Because we're strangers on the internet who just happen to go to the same school.**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*ha!**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*you get points for that one**

**\_StormChaser is typing...\_**

**\_StormChaser is now offline.\_**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*welpppp**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*guess that's that**

**\_NightFury is now offline.\_**

**\* \* \***

**><p>You sent: <em>what happened?<em>**

**You sent: \_hello?\_**

**You sent: \_storrrrrmyyyyy?\_**

**\* \* \***

**><p><em>September 8. 1:28 p.m.<em>**

**You sent: \_this is pretty uncool\_**

You sent: \_like seriously\_

\* \* \*

><p><em>September 8. 3:00 p.m.<em>

You sent: \_youre freaking me out buddy\_

You sent: \_storm?\_

You sent: \_see? im extremely stubborn\_

You sent: \_impossible to get rid off\_

You sent: \_like a leech\_

\* \* \*

><p><em>September 8. 3:31 p.m.<em>

You sent: \_i just want to know if youre like\_

You sent: \_not dead\_

You sent: \_cause that would suck\_

\* \* \*

><p><em>September 8. 4:55 p.m.<em>

You sent: \_took a nap\_

You sent: \_andddd still no reply\_

You sent: \_am i being friend-dumped\_

You sent: \_that would be better than you not being dead\_

You sent: \_which i am fearful of being true\_

\* \* \*

><p><em>September 8. 6:37 p.m.<em>

You sent: \_cmon i dont even know what to say if i call 911\_

You sent: \_"hi mr cop, my friend is not answering"\_

You sent: \_"uhhh no i dont really know where she lives"\_

You sent: \_"...or her name, nope"\_

You sent: \_p sure they need to track your phone if ever\_

You sent: \_which wouldnt work cause yOU'RE NOT ANSWERING\_

\* \* \*

><p><em>September 8. 7:12 p.m.<em>

You sent: \_there is jokingly scared and then there is terror\_

You sent: \_im at tERROR TIMES INFINITY\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_SORRY!\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_My friends kidnapped me.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Couldn't reply 'cause I dropped my phone.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Apparently they shut my laptop closed when they stole me away, too.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_But at least my parents know I didn't plan it, so I'm not in any more trouble.\_

You sent: \_...\_

You sent: \_when i find out who you are\_

You sent: \_ill probably kill you\_

You sent: \_fair warning\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Understandable.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_...You \_really\_ though I died?\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Like, this town is \_minuscule\_. You would \_know \_if someone died.\_

You sent: \_...true\_

You sent: \_im gonna go eat dinner...\_

You sent: \_now that i know you're not dead...\_

You sent: \_yeah\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Sorry :c\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Eat a ton.\_

\* \* \*

><p>And he did.<p>

(It was like stress eating at this point.)

(Anonymous friends were too stressful to handle, dangit.)

\* \* \*

><p><strong>R&amp;R LOVELIES<strong>

#### 4. Friendship Montage

\*\*MIND THE DATES \*\*

\* \* \*

><p><em>September 11. 12:03 p.m.<em>

1 new message from Stormy: \_Don't get the lasagna.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_If you want to live, do not. get. the. Lasagna.\_

You sent: \_is the meatloaf safe?\_

1 new message from Stormy: ...\_My friend says yes.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Though, I wouldn't take his word for it.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Best bet is the vending machine, bud.\_

You sent: \_great\_

You sent: \_because im totally NOT broke\_

You sent: \_(i totally am)\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_We should have a system for these kinds of emergencies.\_

You sent: \_didn't they set up lockers by the courtyard?\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Ohhh. Right.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Where's ours?\_

You sent: \_east wall. should have our usernames\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Roger. Check it in five.\_

You sent: \_wait\_

You sent: \_seriously?\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Unless you want to skip lunch.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Dang there's a lot of people here.\_

You sent: \_yeah, but no one looks around because ~paranoia~\_

You sent: \_i oweeee youuuuuu\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Clearly.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Enjoy.\_

You sent: \_you gave me a ten\_

You sent: \_why\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Because friends are supposed to help each

other out.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Don't worry about it.\_

\* \* \*

><p><em>Septmeber 23. 3:51 p.m.<em>

\_NightFury is now online.\_

\_StormChaser is now online.\_

\*\*NightFury: \*\*as i was saying

\*\*NightFury: \*\*gobber belch is a madman

\*\*NightFury: \*\*but a heckuva cool one

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Yeah, okay, but what about Silent Sven?

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*The guy took out a puma just because he \_spoke\_.

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Like, c'mon, that deserves \_some\_ sort of recognition.

\*\*NightFury: \*\*silent sven has \_nothing\_ on gothi though

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*No one has anything on Gothi.

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Actual unofficial Queen of Berk.

\*\*NightFury: \*\*i wish we were related

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*I'm pretty sure I'm at least a \_little\_ bit related to her.

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Then again, my uncle is a pathological liar in situations where he can show off.

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*So.

\*\*NightFury: \*\*im 10000000% sure we're not related

\*\*NightFury: \*\*which totally sucks

\*\*NightFury: \*\*esp cause i hear she gives her great-grandkids UGLY SWEATERS

\*\*NightFury: \*\*FOR THEIR BIRTHDAYS

\*\*NightFury: \*\*:-(

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*...You want an ugly sweater for your birthday?

\*\*NightFury: \*\*if gothi made me one :(

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*You're a \_child\_.**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*at times, yes**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*i need to enjoy life \_somehow\_**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Maybe? Make? More? Friends?**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*we are not having this talk again**

**\_StormChaser is typing...\_**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*stormy.**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*I'm just saying...**

**\_NightFury is typing...\_**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*I get the internet is a different league and all,**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*But I think you could do it if you tried.**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*you don't know who i am, right?**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Well, yeah, obviously...**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*then you don't know why it's different for me**

**\* \* \***

**><p><em>October 11. 12:00 a.m.<em>**

**1 new message from Stormy: \_Happy birthday, Nerd.\_**

**1 new message from Stormy: \_Try not to be eaten by a wild animal.\_**

**You sent: \_you make it sound like im astoundingly fragile\_**

**1 new message from Stormy: \_Tell me you're not.\_**

**You sent: \_im not\_**

**1 new message from Stormy: \_Lies.\_**

**1 new message from Stormy: \_Seriously though, have fun, buddy.\_**

**You sent: \_i will\_**

**\* \* \***

**><p><em>October 11. 3:30 p.m.<em>**

**You sent: \_YOU DID NOT\_**

**1 new message from Stormy: \_HAHAHAHAHA\_**

**You sent: \_dUDE\_**



You sent: \_dude.\_

You sent: \_you are the best\_

You sent: \_you are my best fried\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Fried?\_

You sent: \_FRIEND\* cmon gimme some leeway im spazzing over here\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Ha! I guess technically you're mine, too.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Don't let it go to your head, though.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_(I mean, I know you will, but try not to.)\_

You sent: \_meheheh\_

You sent: \_seriously thanksssss\_

\* \* \*

><p><em>October 20. 4:12 p.m.<em>

\_StormChaser is now online.\_

\_NightFury is now online.\_

\*\*NightFury: \*\*so?

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*I got em!

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Swear to me.

\*\*NightFury: \*\*i solemnly swear to reveal my identity at the ski trip

\*\*NightFury: \*\*your turn

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*I solemnly swear to reveal my identity at the ski trip.

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*DUDE!

\*\*NightFury: \*\*it'S HAPPENING

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*YEAH!

\*\*NightFury: \*\*don't run off :|

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*I won't if you won't.

\*\*NightFury: \*\*deal

\*\*NightFury: \*\*just fyi i notified my parents

\*\*NightFury: \*\*so if you turn out to be a serial killer who somehow

got into the school program, they'll know to call the cops

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*You have a major plot hole.**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*which is?**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*If I kill you, I'll be getting rid of my phone. Therefore, no tracking.**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Plus, this chat doesn't save transcripts.**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*I could very well get away with murder.**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*you**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*freaked me out a little bit**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*not gonna lie**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Mwahahahahahaha...**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*:s**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Wuss.**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*rood**

**\* \* \***

><p><em>November 3. 12:00 a.m.<em>

You sent: \_haaaaapppyyy birthdaaaaay stormyyyy\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Neeeeeeerddd.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Thanks, Nerd.\_

You sent: \_are you staying up?\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Dunno. Should I?\_

You sent: \_so far ive learned you do what you want\_

You sent: \_except yknow\_

You sent: \_talking to that dude\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Don't even.\_

You sent: \_cmooooon \_

You sent: \_you have the most power on your birthday\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_We don't have class today, Nerd.\_

You sent: \_does that mean you'll \_try \_on monday?\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Means I'll think about it.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_But first... CAKE!\_

\* \* \*

><p><em>November 5. 3:37 p.m.<em>

1 new message from Stormy: \_ You bloody show off.\_

You sent: \_i have no idea what youre talking about\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_You are a bloody show off.\_

You sent: \_nope still not ringing a bell\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Is this why you've been broke the last few weeks?\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Show off.\_

You sent: \_you gotta be a little clearer here stormy\_

You sent: \_i mean, you DO say im as blind as a bat\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_I am mad at you.\_

You sent: \_liar\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Shut up.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Show off.\_

You sent: \_harhar\_

\* \* \*

><p><em>November 5. 4:02 p.m.<em>

1 new message from Stormy: \_I love it.\_

You sent: \_still don't know what you're talking about\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_I love the headband.\_

You sent: \_attagirl\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_I'm gonna get you something super cool for Christmas.\_

You sent: \_i dont think you can top the custom art kit you got me for my birthday\_

You sent: \_then again\_

You sent: \_it's YOU\_

You sent: \_ ms mega competitive\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_It is.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Best best friend.\_

You sent:\_ i will wear that crown one day\_

You sent: \_...probably not soon, but ONE DAY\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Dream on\_.

\* \* \*

><p><em>November 10. 11:45 a.m.<em>

\_NightFury is now online.\_

\*\*NightFury: \*\*bloop bloop

\*\*NightFury: \*\*partaaay

\*\*NightFury: \*\*all on my ooowwwn

\*\*NightFury:\*\* dang stormy where are youuu

\*\*NightFury: \*\*blargh

\*\*NightFury: \*\*STORMY

\_StormChaser is now online.\_

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Guess who won the gaaaameee?

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*THIS GIRL.

\*\*NightFury: \*\*DUDE

\*\*NightFury: \*\*you did not warn me

\*\*NightFury: \*\*i thought this going to be a normal day

\*\*NightFury: \*\*NO LONGER! now we need to get you on a celebratory float

\*\*NightFury: \*\*to gloat

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Nah.

\*\*NightFury: \*\*you never

\*\*NightFury: \*\*actually

\*\*NightFury: \*\*told me what team you're \_on\_

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Not gonna work, Night.

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*:P

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Patience young grasshopper.

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Soon.

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*tHREE MORE MONTHS**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*SO READY.**

\* \* \*

><p><em>November 10. 11:32 p.m.<em>

1 new message from Stormy: \_Okay. \_

You sent: \_deal, then?\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Def.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Swear on the Dragon movies.\_

You sent: \_i swear on the dragon movies\_

You sent: \_whyyy did they have to make the ski trip cover valentine's\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_So we wouldn't be wusses.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Ughhh.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Can I be a wuss again?\_

You sent: \_isn't your family motto like, no fear shakespeare?\_

You sent: \_or something to that effect\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Nerd.\_

You sent: \_you wound me so\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_You're easily wounded.\_

You sent: \_touche\_

You sent: \_with the little accent thingymuhwhut\_

You sent: \_idk how to type it on my phone\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Autocorrect does it for you.\_

You sent: \_i dont trust autocorrect\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Fair.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Off to bed.\_

You sent: \_dream of the stupid dude\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Dream of the mean girl.\_

\* \* \*

><p><strong>yes... dream of them...<strong>

**\*\*mwahahahahaha...\*\***

**\*\*R&R!\*\***

## 5. Late Nights

**\*\*'x(' is an angry face from here on in \*\***

**\* \* \***

><p><em>November 27. 11:55 a.m.<em>

1 new message from Stormy: \_What is that racket?\_

You sent: \_something's up at the cafeteria\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Sounds like a fight.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Is it Snotlout again?\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_...Hello?\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Seriously? Night?\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_ugh\_

**\* \* \***

><p><em>November 27. 1:03 p.m.<em>

You sent: \_sorry\_

You sent: \_got caught up in the moment\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_In class. Text later.\_

**\* \* \***

><p><em>November 27. 3:26 p.m.<em>

1 new message from Stormy: \_Did you cheer on the fight or something?\_

You sent: \_what? no\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_So convincing.\_

You sent: \_bleh\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Did you find out who was fighting?\_

You sent: \_it was more like a one-sided bully session\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Oh no.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Hiccup again?\_

You sent: \_uh\_

You sent: \_fishlegs\_

You sent: \_THEN hiccup\_

You sent: \_looked brutal\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_SOUNDS brutal.\_

You sent: \_extremely brutal\_

You sent: \_oh by the way\_

You sent: \_i think i made a new friend today\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_WOO\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Don't forget me now.\_

You sent: \_never\_

You sent: \_you're too annoying\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Ouch.\_

You sent: \_heh\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Now go.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Live life.\_

You sent: \_you say that like i dont\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Gee.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_With YOUR track record?\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_I would NEVER insinuate such a thing.\_

You sent: \_...\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Just go already.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Before this one runs off.\_

You sent: \_x( going\_

\* \* \*

><p><em>December 1. 1:21 a.m.<em>

\*\*NightFury: \*\*im

\*\*NightFury: \*\*p sure we should be sleeping

\*\*NightFury: \*\*but i also dont

\*\*NightFury: \*\*care

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*It's too late for sleep.

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Now we can only start revolutions from our bedrooms.

\*\*NightFury: \*\*i have a lot of reasons for why that's not a good idea

\*\*NightFury: \*\*and at least one of them has a soundtrack

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Harhar

\*\*NightFury: \*\*that's mine :(

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Not anymore.

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*I've claimed it as my own

\*\*StormChaser:\*\* Viva la revoluciÃ³n

\*\*NightFury: \*\*1) now i know when you stop using punctuation marks

\*\*NightFury: \*\*2) :(

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*1) It's 1 am I really do not care

\_NightFury is typing...\_

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*2) Problem?

\*\*NightFury: \*\*: (

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Clingy

\*\*NightFury: \*\*: (

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Aw, c'mon

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Big baby boo

\*\*NightFury: \_\_-\*\*

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Hahaha

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Suck it up, Nerd

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*It's the night

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*And I RULE it

\*\*NightFury: \*\*i literally have night and fury in my name

\*\*NightFury: \*\*literally

\*\*NightFury: \*\*look

\*\*NightFury: \*\*night



\_StormChaser is typing...\_

\*\*NightFury: \*\*and fury

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Don't care

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*I still rule it

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Mwahahahaha

\*\*NightFury: \*\*remind me to never put you in a position of power

\*\*NightFury: \*\*like ever

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*You don't even know who I am

\*\*NightFury: \*\*then tell me who you are if we're ever in a group project

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*I don't even know who YOU are!

\*\*NightFury: \*\*that

\*\*NightFury: \*\*is an astute observation

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*I tend to be astute, yes

\*\*NightFury: \*\*hmm

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Fun fact

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*If you scroll up you can see the exact moment when we started rolling down the Hill of Insanity

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Or... Hill of Sanity?

\*\*NightFury: \*\*sanity

\*\*NightFury: \*\*...wait

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Hmm

\*\*NightFury: \*\*this is a perplexing issue

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*...Google it?

\*\*NightFury: \*\*i don't think google covers sentences that aren't normally used

\*\*NightFury: \*\*THEN AGAIN

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Google says Insanity

\*\*NightFury: \*\*what are the chances

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Apparently 491,031 to 1

\*\*NightFury: \*\*that wasn't

\_StormChaser is now typing...\_

\*\*NightFury: \*\*literal

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*[heart]

\*\*NightFury: \*\*dont give me that fake heart

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*But friends give friends fake hearts alllll the time

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Hahahaha

\*\*NightFury: \*\*oh harhar

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*I'm shoving the fake heart in your face right now

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Or, I would be, if we were in the same immediate area

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*So pretend that someone's shoving a fake heart in your face right now, I guess

\*\*NightFury: \*\*if toothless is shoving his paw at my face

\*\*NightFury: \*\*does that count as a substitute

\_StormChaser is typing...\_

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Yes

\*\*NightFury: \*\*you just spit out water didnt you

\*\*NightFury: \*\*spat?

\*\*NightFury: \*\*lol who cares it's 2am i certainly dont have time for grammar

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Maybe

\*\*NightFury: \*\*knew it

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*I will deny it til my deathbed

\*\*NightFury: \*\*IT'S TOO LATE

\*\*NightFury:\*\* I KNOW TOO MUCH

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*\*Kills you over the internet\*

\*\*NightFury: \*\*do you mean you killed me because of the internet

\*\*NightFury: \*\*or through it

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*I thought you didn't have time for grammar

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*What ELSE have you been lying to me about?

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*\_Are you even a Berk Academy student?\_

\*\*NightFury: \*\*yES

\*\*NightFury: \*\*it's like

\*\*NightFury: \*\*getting really

\*\*NightFury: \*\*late

\*\*NightFury: \*\*are those unicorns or am i hallucinating

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Man up, you're in high school now

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*The overnights are just beginning

\_NightFury is typing...\_

\_StormChaser is typing...\_

\*\*NightFury: \*\*growing up is gonna suck

\*\*NightFury: \*\*but at least you'll be there

\*\*NightFury: \*\*right?

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*I'll be there if you are

\*\*NightFury: \*\*ill be there

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Okay c:

\*\*NightFury: \*\*cool :)

\* \* \*

><p><em>December 5. 12:21 p.m.<em>

1 new message from Stormy: \_Perplexing.\_

You sent: \_what is?\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Stupid dude.\_

You sent: \_there was a reason i started calling him that\_

You sent: \_so's mean girl, by the way\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Oooh.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_What she do?\_

You sent: \_...i thought we were going to talk about youuuurrrrr problems\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_It's too late.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_I'm already curious.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_There's no stopping me now.\_

You sent: \_did you hear that? the bell rang\_

You sent: \_oh well\_

You sent: \_toodles\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Hey! \_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Get back here!\_

\*\*1 missed call from Stormy.\*\*

1 new message from Stormy: \_You can't run from a ringing phone, dingus.\_

You sent: \_i cAN TRY\_

You sent: \_milady\_

\*\*3 missed calls from Stormy.\*\*

1 new message from Stormy: \_No, you can't.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Unless you throw it off the side of the school.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_In which case, I'll send my friends to find it.\_

\*\*1 missed call from Stormy.\*\*

1 new message from Stormy: \_Then I'll notify the principal.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_THEN I'll find out who you are.\_

You sent: \_youre setting my pants on fire with these texts and calls\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Quick, what color are your jeans?\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_So I could save you from the fire, of course.\_

You sent: \_liar\_

You sent: \_im not giving you a clue\_

You sent: \_except i guess wearing blue isn't a real clue\_

You sent: \_considering everyone within my range is wearing blue jeans\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_I hate you dearly.\_

You sent: \_you love me\_

You sent: \_we're friends\_

You sent: \_and i am a leech\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_I do love you, but I think I'm starting to love you so much that it's turning into hate.\_

You sent: \_~true friendship~\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Oh, shut up.\_

\* \* \*

><p><em>December 5. 5:50 p.m.<em>

1 new message from Stormy: \_You never told me what happened.\_

You sent: \_i dont know what youre talking about\_

You sent: \_it's not like she was acting weirdly civil\_

You sent: \_or being openly nice to everyone\_

You sent: \_or anything like that\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_And this is a problem because...?\_

You sent: \_because i totally chickened out of saying hi back\_

You sent: \_i am a dingus\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_You are, yes.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_I already told you that.\_

You sent: \_x(\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_I'm just sayin'.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Anyway, I'm sure the attempt was seen.\_

You sent: \_no attempt\_

You sent: \_only running away\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Coward.\_

You sent: \_which is why you'll help me during the ski trip!\_

You sent: \_also excuse you\_

You sent: \_you totally backed out on monday, too\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_We don't talk about that.\_

You sent: \_yeah we do\_

You sent: \_we're doing it now\_

You sent: \_...hello?\_

You sent: \_i hate your guts, stormy\_

You sent: \_blehhhh\_

\* \* \*

><p><strong>R&amp;R YEAH<strong>

\*\*moar friendship\*\*

\*\*friendship is good\*\*

\*\*Next one might have more narration? WHO KNOWS.\*\*

## 6. Clues and Christmastime

\*\*AW YEAH GO TIME\*\*

\*\*+ thanks for the 2K!\*\*

\*\*still don't own anything but the plot ;o;\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><em>December 11. 12:11 p.m.<em>

You sent: \_send help\_

You sent: \_my brain is melting\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Can't. So's mine.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_If you smell a faint sizzle, it's me.\_

You sent: \_it's not friday\_

You sent: \_why is it not friday\_

You sent: \_friday is a good day\_

You sent: \_friday is winter break day\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Friday is also the start of three weeks of us not sending each other gifts.\_

You sent: \_n00000\_

You sent: \_NO FRIDAY\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_But I want to SLEEP for once.\_

You sent: \_but :(\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Yes Friday.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Much yes to Friday.\_

You sent: \_im clingy :(

1 new message from Stormy: \_That you are.\_

You sent: \_so... no friday?

1 new message from Stormy: \_Nope.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Still yes Friday.\_

You sent: \_...\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_How's that new friend of yours?

You sent: \_he's cool

You sent: \_moreso than i thought

You sent: \_how're your not-new friends?

1 new message from Stormy: \_Still easily swayed by popularity.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Still goofballs.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Overall, not that bad.\_

You sent: \_except they like trouble

1 new message from Stormy: \_Except that, yeah.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Any news on the ski trip?

You sent: \_what do you mean?

1 new message from Stormy: \_I mean, is your dearly beloved going, dummy.\_

You sent: \_you are, yes

1 new message from Stormy: \_...\_

You sent: \_i am jokingly waggling my eyebrows

1 new message from Stormy: \_I'm gonna kill you.\_

You sent: \_[heart]

1 new message from Stormy: \_ Oh, harhar. Finish your lunch.\_

You sent: \_joke's on you. im already done

1 new message from Stormy: \_ Not ONE person has left the cafeteria.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_ I'm sure.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_ I checked.\_

You sent: \_"done" doesn't mean "left", milady\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Smart mouth.\_

You sent: \_hostile\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Loner.\_

You sent: \_loner with status\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_About to be late for your next final.\_

You sent: \_about to be late for\_

You sent: \_wait what\_

You sent: \_DANGIT\_

\* \* \*

><p><em>December 13. 11:55 a.m.<em>

1 new message from Stormy: \_Math was physically painful.\_

You sent: \_i hear ya\_

You sent: \_wait\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Wait.\_

You sent: \_did you JUST get out of math?\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Did you?\_

You sent: \_i haVE A SHOT AT WINNING THIS\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Dingus.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_It's a clue for both of us.\_

You sent: \_that\_

You sent: \_is true\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Also, skip the potatoes.\_

You sent: \_thanks for the heads up\_

\* \* \*

><p><em>December 14. 3:30<em>

You sent: \_so\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_So.\_

You sent: \_gifts after break?\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Yup.\_



1 new message from Stormy: \_Have fun.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Don't die.\_

You sent: \_death could never hold me\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_I hope it does.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_ I'd rather not have a zombie apocalypse, thanks.\_

You sent: \_youre no fun\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_ I'm plenty fun.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_ I just don't want to have to kill you.\_

You sent: \_aw, stormy\_

You sent: \_you DO care\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Dingus.\_

You sent: \_secret friendmom\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_YOU DID NOT.\_

You sent: \_I DID\_

You sent: \_AND IM NOT TAKING IT BACK\_

\* \* \*

><p><em>December 17. 7:41 a.m.<em>

1 new message from Stormy: \_My body thinks class is still in session.\_

You sent: \_same tho\_

You sent: \_it's like jet lag without the jet\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Not much a lag either.\_

You sent: \_vacation's weird\_

You sent: \_if you asked me at the start of the year, i wouldn't have cared\_

You sent: \_but now it's like\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_No one to secretly text during class.\_

You sent: \_no one to secretly text during lunch\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Or during assemblies.\_

You sent: o\_r free period\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Wow, we secretly text a LOT.\_

You sent: \_d'ya think anyone noticed?\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_I'd say no, but I would be lying.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Because my friends notice it alllll the time.\_

You sent: \_welp\_

You sent: \_that's potentially awkward\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Replace 'potentially' with 'definitely', and you're good to go.\_

You sent: \_im sorry im so interesting\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_You know your face?\_

You sent: \_yeah?\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_You should shut it.\_

\* \* \*

><p><em>December 24. 2:34 p.m.<em>

\_The Haddock residence.\_

In the grand scheme of things, Hiccup was what you would call a late bloomer.

...Or just late, considering his mother had told him to be home by noon. Not his fault, really-his buddy Fishlegs=yes, buddy (after saving the larger boy's behind from Snotlout's incessant pounding)-got \_really\_ into their discussions of the mythical world of Myth (yes, that's what the game was called), and they'd overshot the time it took to finish a two-player round.

It's not like Valka wasn't \_glad\_ that her son had found a live human being to interact with \_outside\_ of the internet and mobile network he'd been so engrossed in since school started-no, she was \_definitely\_ glad about \_that\_.

But what was he \_bloody\_ thinking it was Christmas Eve being late is not an option\_.

"He's not getting first cut, Stoick," she huffed.

Her husband laughed. "Well, at least he's made a friend, eh?"

She nodded despite herself. "At least, yes."

\* \* \*

><p><em>December 24 11:49 p.m.<em>

You sent: \_there is a wrapped present with your name on it under my bed\_

You sent: \_well\_

You sent: \_screen name\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_How flattering.\_

You sent: \_it would be under the tree if my parents werent incredibly curious\_

You sent: \_and would assume\_

You sent: \_things\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Oh.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Keep it under the bed, bud.\_

You sent: \_i thought you'd see my side\_

You sent: \_oh hey look \_

You sent: \_[attachment]\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Is that Toothless?\_

You sent: \_i figured i owed you SOMETHING for christmas\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_[attachment]\_

You sent: \_uh\_

You sent: \_stormfly's huge\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_That's cause you own a tiny cat.\_

You sent: \_blehhh\_

You sent: \_at least toothless is\_

You sent: \_uh\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_HA\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_You can't even insult my AMAZING greyhound.\_

You sent: \_I COULD TRY\_

You sent: \_...\_

You sent: \_OR I COULDN'T\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Attaboy.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_ Quit while you're ahead.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Hey, look.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Midnight.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Merry Christmas, Nerd.\_

You sent: \_merry christmas miladeh\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Harhar.\_

\* \* \*

><p><em>In the lair of the mighty Astrid Hofferson, youngest football captain in school history and arguably the fastest runner at Berk Academy:<em>

"Hey, look, Stormfly," she said, showing off the photogenic cat to her dog. "You'll be buddies soon."

"Woof!"

"You don't eat this cat, okay? Bad."

"Aroo. Aroo, ruff!"

Astrid furrowed her eyebrows. "Uh, I don't \_actually\_ speak dog, Stormfly. Use your actions."

The bluish-gray coated dog lifted a paw at the phone, nudging the lower left corner. "Rooo..."

Astrid checked the picture again, laughing and nuzzling her pet. "Good girl, but I already knew that. I told you last time!"

(What had she told the animal?)

(Well, for starters, she wasn't \_stupid\_.)

(The guy she liked just happened to be pretty thickheaded and clumsy.)

(Emphasis \_clumsy\_.)

\* \* \*

><p><strong>why clumsy?<strong>

\*\*R&R IF YOU WANNA FIND OUT MWAHAHAHAHA\*\*

## 7. Eggnog and Fireworks

\*\*Accidentally almost broke 5 pages with this --\*\*

\*\*Also, because everyone keeps asking where I got these ideas: I have no idea.\*\*

\*\*Bumped up the rating 'cause tipsy!Hiccup merp\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><em>December 25. 2:01 a.m.<em>

1 new message from Stormy: \_Did you seriously call me at 2 am.\_

You sent: \_dunno\_

You sent: \_did i\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_...\_

You sent: \_i did\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Why.\_

You sent: \_dunno\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Are you getting emotional over there, bud?\_

You sent: \_a little\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Uh.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Why.\_

You sent: \_i guess cause\_

You sent: \_all i wanted for christmas for the past gazillion years wash an aaaaawweesome buddy\_

You sent: \_was\*\_

You sent: \_and heree you areee\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_...Did your parents give you eggnog.\_

You sent: \_...that is a loaded question\_

You sent: \_short answer: no\_

You sent: \_long answer: yes\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Ooooooaaaaayyyy...\_

You sent: \_just! before you go back to sleeo\_

You sent: \_sleep\*\_

You sent: \_i wannated to tell ya\_

You sent: \_gah just ignore the typos\_

You sent: \_i wannted to tell ya\_

You sent: \_that yer the awesomest\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Go to bed.\_

You sent: \_accept the compliment ya goon\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_What?\_

You sent: \_you never like\_

You sent: \_seriously accept my compliments\_

You sent: \_i swear on the dragon movies i am not hitting on you\_

You sent: \_im just reaaaally really nice\_

You sent: \_and i want you to know thst yer\_

You sent: \_that\*\_

You sent: \_aWESOME\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_...\_

You sent: \_pls\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Fine.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Thank you.\_

You sent: \_YAS\_

You sent: \_haha im hiccuoing\_

You sent: \_hiccuping\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Hilarious.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Sleep.\_

You sent: \_will do\_

\* \* \*

><p><em>December 25. 9:07 a.m.<em>

\*\*1 missed call from Stormy.\*\*

You sent: \_what is it\_

You sent: \_what's the fire\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_How's the head?\_

You sent: \_considering my bloodline, pretty dandy\_

You sent: \_that whole episode took a LOT of eggnog\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_You + tipsy = great.\_

You sent: \_harhar\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Aw, man, I wanna show you what the 'rents got me but I'm going to be using it when school starts.\_

You sent: \_you should totally show me anyway\_

You sent: \_because i have a terriiibblleee memory\_

You sent: \_and i will totally forget by the time school starts\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_If only your memory was as bad as your lying.\_

You sent: \_you wound me so\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Again I say: suck it up.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Ever had yaknog?\_

You sent: \_nope\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Don't.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Ever.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Not even under fear of death.\_

You sent: \_are you like\_

You sent: \_afraid of it\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_It's disgusting and your stomach will hate you.\_

You sent: \_ive been warned\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_ Yes, you have.\_

You sent: \_so my uncle gave me the coolest thing in the universe\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_...Excuse me?\_

You sent: \_ ...second only to YOUR gift, of course\_

You sent: \_whatever it may be\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Thank you.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Carry on.\_

You sent: \_right\_

You sent: \_it's like a mini-catapult\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Whoa, hold up.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Should you be allowed near potential weapons?\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_I would honestly not trust you with potential weapons.\_

You sent: \_oh harhar\_

You sent: \_it's foolproof\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_I'd hope so.\_

You sent: \_grr\_

You sent: \_oh gtg\_

You sent: \_help cook\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Later, Nerd.\_

\* \* \*

><p><em>December 25. 5:32 p.m.<em>

\_NightFury is now online.\_

\_StormChaser is now online.\_

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*You got away?

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*HOW?

\*\*NightFury: \*\*magic

\*\*NightFury: \*\*my cousins arent gonna look for me

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Mine are.

\*\*NightFury: \*\*well soooorrrrryyyyy

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Hush, I'm here now.

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Time is pie.

\*\*NightFury: \*\*i don't think that's how the saying goes

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*It's not.

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*I just really like pie.

\*\*NightFury: \*\*saaaameee tho

\*\*NightFury: \*\*...banana walnut?

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*\_OH\_

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*\_YES\_

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Soulmates on the friend plane.

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Soulfriends?

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*IDK.

\*\*NightFury: \*\*soULFRIENDS

\*\*NightFury: \*\*i like it



\*\*NightFury: \*\*\*fake scottish accent\* aye declare it law

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Shouldn't that be English?

\*\*NightFury: \*\*\*fake scottish accent\* ne'er ye worreh

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Nerd.

\*\*NightFury: \*\*\*fake scottish accent\* jealous

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Not really.

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*But I DO want pie now.

\*\*NightFury: \*\*\*fake scottish accent\* aye, me too actualleh

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Stooooop.

\*\*NightFury: \*\*heh

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*I could kill you.

\*\*NightFury: \*\*but you wont

\*\*StormChaser:\*\* Unfortunately.

\*\*NightFury: \*\*hehehe

\*\*StormChaser:\*\* BRB THEY'RE BREAKING DOWN MY DOOR

\*\*NightFury:\*\* ?

\*\*NightFury: \*\*tHEY?

\_StormChaser is now offline.\_

\*\*NightFury:\*\* what the

\_NightFury is now offline.\_

You sent: \_WHO is "THEY" \_

You sent: \_hello? \_

You sent: \_see, this is why we need to meet up \_

You sent: \_your constant murder scares are too much \_

You sent: \_and on CHRISTMAS \_

You sent: \_for shame \_

\* \* \*

><p><em>December 25. 11:43 p.m.<em>

1 new message from Stormy: \_'Twas the night of Christmas and all

seemed well.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Until Stormy's raucous cousins stormed her room, freaked out her dog, and almost dropped her down the stairs.\_

You sent: \_\*koda voice\* i dont think i like this story\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_DUDE\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_You promised never to talk about Brother Bear :(((\_

You sent: \_it fit\_

You sent: \_i used it\_

You sent: \_bite me\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_...\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_You asked for it.\_

You sent: \_!\_

You sent: \_NO DONT\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Oh, hey. Remember the headband you got me?\_

You sent: \_yeah?\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Def wearing it right now.\_

You sent: \_pic!\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_[attachment]\_

You sent: \_oh harhar\_

You sent: \_i meant you wearing it\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_I know.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_But I'm not stupid.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_So.\_

You sent: \_...\_

You sent: \_i WILL get you\_

You sent: \_ONE DAY...\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Don't threaten.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_It doesn't suit you.\_

You sent: \_are you saying im frail and weak\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Yes.\_

You sent: \_fair\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_And I'm off to bed.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_The  
almost-falling-down-a-flight-of-stairs thing was exhausting.\_

You sent: \_merry christmas, stormy\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Merry Christmas, Night.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Uh. And goodnight.\_

You sent: \_and to all a good night\*\_

You sent: \_get it right, dude\_

\* \* \*

><p><em>January 1. 12:00 a.m.<em>

1 new message from Stormy: \_HEY NERD\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_HAPPY NEW YEAR\_

You sent: \_yes i heard the fireworks\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Who's the killjoy now.\_

You sent: \_if 'joy' = 'sleep'\_

You sent: \_still you\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_...\_

You sent: \_happy new year\_

You sent: \_make good choices\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_I'm underage and an athlete.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Not messing with that.\_

You sent: \_so responsible\_

You sent: \_much wow\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Did you just.\_

You sent: \_i did and i actually regret it\_

You sent: \_mmmm back to bed\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_How can you sleep with all this joyous,  
celebratory NOISE.\_

You sent: \_easy\_

You sent: \_i have a father whose idea of whispering is yelling\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_That's\_

You sent: \_not as violent as it sounds\_

You sent: \_it's just his voice\_

You sent: \_unles he's talking to mom?\_

You sent: \_it's really sweet actually\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Awww.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_...Aaaand I see the cousins forming another attack formation.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_R.I.P. Me.\_

You sent: \_zzzzzz\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_:/ Night?\_

You sent: \_zzzzZZzzzz\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_You are dead to me.\_

You sent: zZZzzZzZZzzzzzzZz

1 new message from Stormy: \_...Night, Night.\_

\* \* \*

<p><strong>R&amp;R as usuaaaal<strong>

\*\*chap 8 will be up later today\*\*

## 8. Guess

\*\*NGGK\*\*

\* \* \*

<p><em>January 3. 7:19 p.m.<em>

\_StormChaser is now online.\_

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Oh, what a boring day.

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*...Wait, this thing doesn't register old messages.

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Hmm.

\_NightFury is now online.\_

\*\*NightFury: \*\*the party may now begin

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*It already has, genius.

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*but? i wasnt here?**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Who between the two of us has more chances of being in a party?**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*...**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*touche**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*+ accent**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Ha.**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*So how's it over there?**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*alright**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*friend came over**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*played some games**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Like?**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*...it's really nerdy**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Do I look like I care?**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*no**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*bECAUSE I DONT KNOW WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*eyyyyyyy**

**\_NightFury is now offline.\_**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*What the.**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*...**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Hiccup, you idiot.**

**\_NightFury is now online.\_**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*gahhh**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*toothless took over the computer**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*miss me?**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*In the past ten minutes? Not in the slightest.**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Did you get any messages after you got disconnected?**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*nope**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*chat doesnt work that way**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*why?**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*you send me something?**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Nothing important.**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*merp**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*and the game was myth**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*if you must know**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Knew it.**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Bet I could kick your butt in that game.**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*bet you cant**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*That's... literally the only other option...**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*...**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*im very drained from the recent and constant festivities**

**\_StormChaser is typing...\_**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*dont judge me**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Hmm.**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Let me think.**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Nope.**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Still judging you.**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*y**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Y not.**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*...**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*[heart]**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*x(**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*And I'm out.**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*I think my baby cousin just set the yard on fire.**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Not sure.**

**\*\*NightFury: \*\*better safe than sorry?**

**\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Oh, no, the yard's def on fire.**

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Just not sure which cousin did it.

\*\*NightFury: \*\*daredevils

\*\*NightFury: \*\*the lot of ya

\_StormChaser is now offline.\_

\_NightFury is now offline.\_

\* \* \*

><p><em>January 3. 10:08 p.m.<em>

You sent: \_i thought i had you with the fire\_

You sent: \_turns out a whole ton of people set their yards on fire today\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Heh.\_

You sent: \_i will get you yet\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_I highly doubt that.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_I'm a master ninja.\_

You sent: \_and im a master\_

You sent: \_uh\_

You sent: \_learner?\_

You sent: \_shoot im tired\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Hahaha\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_That was terrible.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Go to bed.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_I'll pretend that comeback never happened.\_

You sent: \_thank\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Welc.\_

\* \* \*

><p><em>January 8. 12:10 p.m.<em>

1 new message from Stormy: \_SCHOOL.\_

You sent: \_SCHOOL\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Check in five.\_

You sent: \_straight to the presents there huh\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Shut your face.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Okay, go.\_

You sent: \_lalala\_

You sent: \_i hate you\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_HAHAHA\_

You sent: \_is this real?\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Gee.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Does it LOOK real?\_

You sent: \_very\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Does it FEEL real?\_

You sent: \_extremely\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Then we can conclude that it IS real.\_

You sent: \_but hooooowwww\_

You sent: \_im not her great-grandchild or anything\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Who cares?\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_She basically adopted the entire town.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_She was happy to make it.\_

You sent: \_IM\_

You sent: \_so happy\_

You sent: \_except i cant wear it yet\_

You sent: \_ughhhh\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Sucker.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Look at all the Gothi relations wearing their ugly sweaters today.\_

You sent: \_one day\_

You sent: \_soon\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Five more weeks!\_

You sent: \_duuude\_

You sent: \_also\_

You sent: \_your turn\_



You sent: \_chaaarrrrgeeee\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Yooo.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_How...?\_

You sent: \_you talk about skateboards\_

You sent: \_a lot\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Oh.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Oops.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Sorry.\_

You sent: \_[heart]\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Hey now.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_That wasn't a sarcastic heart.\_

You sent: \_today is a continuation of christmas\_

You sent: \_shouldnt be sarcastic\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_What a gent.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_[heart]\_

You sent: \_...why did that sound sarcastic\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Maybe because it was?\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Off to class!\_

You sent: \_HEY\_

You sent: \_GET BACK HERE, STORMY X(\_

\* \* \*

><p><em>January 8. 3:32 p.m.<em>

1 new message from Stormy: \_I have an extra present.\_

You sent: \_?\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Go forth.\_

You sent: \_ooooookaaayyy\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Heehee.\_

You sent: \_IS THIS\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Yup.\_

You sent: \_BUT THIS ISNT SUPPOSED TO BE OUT YET\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_I know a guy.\_  
1 new message from Stormy: \_And another guy.\_  
1 new message from Stormy: \_And their aunt.\_  
You sent: \_thank them for me\_  
You sent: \_thank them with the blood of my enemies\_  
1 new message from Stormy: \_What.\_  
You sent: \_what\_  
You sent: \_it's from one of their songs\_  
1 new message from Stormy: \_It's from SOMETHING, alright.\_  
You sent: \_burrito crisis ftw\_  
1 new message from Stormy: \_To Kill a Dead Bird is great.\_  
1 new message from Stormy: \_I've had it on repeat since  
Christmas.\_  
You sent: \_they have such weird song titles\_  
You sent: \_but whatever\_  
You sent: \_ill be busy doing chores\_  
You sent: \_and saving for my snowboard rental\_  
1 new message from Stormy: \_Ugh, that reminds me.\_  
1 new message from Stormy: \_Need to get on that.\_  
1 new message from Stormy: \_Later?\_  
You sent: \_later\_

\* \* \*

><p><em>January 17. 5:08 p.m.<em>

\_StormChaser is now online.\_

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*What was the emergency?

\*\*NightFury: \*\*youre HEATHER

\_StormChaser is typing...\_

\*\*NightFury: \*\*arent you?

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*HA

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*No.

\*\*NightFury: \*\*dangit

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*One more month til you find out.

\*\*NightFury: \*\*x(

\*\*NightFury: \*\*was close?

\*\*NightFury: \*\*even a tiny bit?

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Well, Heather's a girl.

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*You have \_that\_.

\*\*NightFury: \*\*i will actually hurt you

\*\*NightFury: \*\*really

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*You won't.

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*I'm pretty sure.

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*[heart]

\*\*NightFury: \*\*curse my niceness

\*\*StormChaser: \*\*Go do your homework, Nerd.

\* \* \*

><p><em>February 4. 10:43 a.m.<em>

You sent: \_how come you never guess who i am\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Because who cares?\_

You sent: \_uh\_

You sent: \_me\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_I don't care who you are.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_You're my friend.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_That's all.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Also, seriously? I'm in class.\_

You sent: \_the curiosity was killing me\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Killed the cat, too.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Talk lunch. Pop quiz.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_High school is death.\_

You sent: \_the deathest\_

You sent: \_see\_

You sent: \_i can make painfully bad jokes now\_

You sent: \_cause you cant reply\_

You sent: \_cause youre in class\_

You sent: \_but I have FREE PERIOD\_

You sent: \_mwAHAHAHAHA\_

You sent: \_okay ill stop\_

\* \* \*

><p><em>February 12. 4:55 p.m.<em>

You sent: \_guess\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_What\_

You sent: \_tomorrow\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Is?\_

You sent: \_SKI TRIP\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_SKI TRIP\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Okay, recap plan.\_

You sent: \_get there\_

You sent: \_unpack\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Lunch.\_

You sent: \_free time\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Meet at cabin lobby.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_I'll have the headband.\_

You sent: \_and ill have the ugly sweater\_

You sent: \_perfect\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Perfect.\_

\* \* \*

><p><strong>HEH<strong>

\*\*R&R LOVELIES\*\*

\*\*+ shout out to mom #3 for the Burrito Crisis thing\*\*

9. February the 13th

\*\*Ugh this one gave me problems.\*\*

**\*\*Mostly because I needed everything to happen a cERTAIN WAY and it was a giant hassle nggk\*\***

**\*\*Oh well\*\***

**\*\*Here's #9\*\***

**\* \* \***

><p><em>February 13. 12:40 p.m.<em>

1 new message from Stormy: \_I've been stolen away to the slopes.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Meet before dinner?\_

You sent: \_mmkay\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Don't go die or anything.\_

You sent: \_from what?\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Dunno.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_A skier running you over?\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Falling off the mountain?\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Avalanche?\_

You sent: \_good joke\_

You sent: \_even IM not that unlucky.\_

As fate would have it, he was.

He very, very, \_very\_ much was.

It started on the lifts.

**\* \* \***

><p><em>February 13. 1:23 p.m.<em>

\_At the highest point of the mountain, with both Hiccup and Astrid  
\_maybe\_ fifteen feet apart, the latter surrounded by Ruffnut,  
Tuffnut, and Snotlout, and the former backed by Fishlegs. \_

\_Neither aware of how close the other was.\_

\_Neither aware of how loose the snow was atop the gigantic rock  
formation.\_

\_Both about to feel the direct effects of their close friends being  
utterly \_stupid\_ idiots.\_

\_(All the teens' boards and skis were strewn across the flat-ish  
mountaintop, as they bickered in tandem about something that could  
potentially become an issue.)\_

\* \* \*

><p><em>Astrid:<em>

"Snotlout, \_shut up\_," Astrid hissed; the boy in question was yelling at the top of his lungs, determined to test the whole "snow rolls down if you shout loud enough" theory.

Snotlout balked. He looked genuinely hurt. "Babe, it's gonna be \_awesome\_, plus we might even get rid of the loser-nerds! Two birds with one stone!"

She grabbed his jacket, hell-bent on \_literally\_ knocking some sense into him: "\_Stop \_calling me that, or I'll throw you off the side of this mountain.\_"

The boy gulped, crossed his heart, and the intense blonde dropped him. Hard.

"She's \_grumpy\_," Tuffnut said.

"Or grump\_ier\_," Ruffnut chimed. Astrid glared at them both.

The female twin laughed nervously before nudging her brother to move. "C'mon, there's no way we can get hurt just \_standing\_ here. Let's go up Raven Point!"

(Raven Point was not a place you simply "went up".)

(They would not make it ten feet up to Raven Point.)

"You guys wouldn't make it ten feet," Astrid said. "Besides, where are you gonna leave your boards?"

The twins shared a look.

"Well, with you," Ruffnut started.

"Or Snotlout."

"Or neither!"

"Yeah! We could use them as jumping boards or something."

"To get up to Raven Point!"

Tuffnut guffawed. "We're such \_geniuses\_."

Astrid facepalmed. "That's \_one\_ word."

\* \* \*

><p><em>Hiccup:<em>

"Fishlegs, I don't think this is the best ide-"

"Relaaaax, Hiccup. This is totally safe!" the larger boy replied. He was holding Hiccup's Christmas gift from his uncle-a miniature catapult-and had loaded it with medium-sized rocks. "I \_tested\_ it at home."

Hiccup screamed (on the inside). "Did you, \_ah\_, test it with \_large amounts \_of \_snow\_?"

Fishlegs waved his hand dismissively. He kept his eyes at Raven Point, probably calculating trajectory and a whole lot of other scientific mumbo jumbo that Hiccup was \_least\_ concerned about. "Sure, yeah, styrofoam snow."

"Oh, okay," the brunet said with a tight smile. If one paid attention, they would notice that his eye was twitching. If one was telepathic, they would receive the following message in their minds, repeated so much it may even be counted as a mantra:

\_I'm going to die today I'm going to die and my parents will find it either ironic or poetic that I died in the mountains during winter because this was the setting of my birth and I am going to die because my friend thinks it's a good idea to taunt loose snow will catapults\_

In a vain attempt at trying to save his life (and, technically, everyone else's), Hiccup called out to his friend right before the latter had let loose a rather \_sizable \_piece of rock: "Hey, uh, 'legs, you do... uh, \_know\_ what you're doing, right?"

Fishlegs almost dropped the catapult.

Hiccup almost wished he had.

"\_Relax\_, Hiccup. I've studied this. I am in \_complete\_ control, here," Fishlegs said, turning back to the device. "I spent \_all\_ of last night researching..."

And again, the mantra:

\_I am going to die Fishlegs will be the death of me I should never be allowed out of the house why did my parents let me leave this morning Stormy is going to kill me I haven't talked to Astrid Oh hello there goes my life flashing before me I am going to DIE\_

\* \* \*

><p><em>February 13. 1:45 p.m.<em>

You sent: \_what does one do when one's friends is doing a mega stupid\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_A mega stupid what?\_

You sent: \_id call it "thing"\_

You sent: \_but at this point i dont think it qualifies\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_My friends are doing something mega stupid, too.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_And I'd totally ditch them right now, but they might ruin the ski trip for everyone, and I'M supposed to be the RESPONSIBLE one.\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_R.I.P. Us.\_

You sent: \_if i dont make it\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Here we go.\_

You sent: \_tell my father...\_

You sent: \_that i was the one who had the last cookie...\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_You're a terrible human being.\_

You sent: \_excuse you\_

You sent: \_i was doing him a favor\_

You sent: \_the guy does NOT need any more pounds, alright?\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Correction:\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Terrible child.\_

You sent: \_id give you a comeback but \_

1 new message from Stormy: \_?\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_ But?\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Uh?\_

1 new message from Stormy: \_Hello?\_

\* \* \*

><p><em>February 13. 2:04 p.m.<em>

\_Fifty meters below Raven Point. (AKA "Where Stupid People Do Stupid Things")\_

\* \* \*

><p><em>Hiccup:<em>

As Fishlegs let fly rocks one after another, Hiccup found himself frozen-haha, \_get it\_-in his tracks, switching from watching his friend and eyeing the hanging cliff.

He had hurriedly put away his phone when he heard the larger boy whooping at the cliffside-Fishlegs had started his snow assault.

In the distance, Hiccup saw movement. Snow fell from where the rocks had hit.

And they were starting to drop in larger bunches.

"Dude, \_stop\_, you're loosening the snow! And it's \_already\_ loose!" Hiccup almost yelled-until he remembered that \_that\_ wouldn't help either. He snatched the catapult from his friend's hands, tumbling down a few feet to the side.



(He wasn't all that used to his substitute snowboarding leg, it being quite new and him being quite clumsy.)

He didn't see the snow start to roll.

\* \* \*

><p><em>Astrid:<em>

"\_Guys\_, I'm telling you, it's \_not\_ a myth-it \_happens\_ in real life, and if you don't stop your yelling, it'll happen \_here\_," Astrid pleaded. Or reprimanded. (Or both.)

Needless to say, the three daredevils were well beyond being reasoned with. They were hooting louder than ever, heard even halfway down the slopes.

They were "testing a theory": Does the whole "shouting causes an avalanche" thing actually happen outside of television and cinema or was it actually a thing that happened?

(It was.)

(The tour guide in riding in the school buses literally told them it does.)

(\_Thrice\_.)

"YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT," Snotlout yelled, purposefully keeping his voice on maximum to continue their 'experiment'. "SEE? NOTHIIIINGGG'SS HAPPENING!"

"YEAH, AND I'M STArTIng tO LoSE MY VoIce," Tuffnut screamed, his voice cracking.

His sister roared with laughter. "YOU SOUND LIKE PUBERTY, EXCEPT WORSE!"

"ShuT Up!"

"YOU SHUT UP!"

"NO \_YOU\_!"

They slammed their helmets together, growling like really, really fake-sounding wolves. Astrid considered pushing all three of them down the slope.

She settled for tackling them and \_somehow\_ keeping all their mouths shut.

Her back was to the mountain.

She didn't see the white wave of snow.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Also I can't answer ya'lls questions because -spoilers-<strong>

**\*\*But like\*\***

**\*\*it's me\*\***

**\*\*there is a point to everything\*\***

**\*\*so r&R LOVES (and not just 'update' please, that won't get the next one to come sooner)\*\***

## 10. Avalanche Part I

**\*\*LOL THIS WAS SUPPOSED TO BE LONGER but I decided to split it because hEH \_I'm me\_\*\***

**\*\*Sorry for the wait, I had a mega-busy weekend.\*\***

**\*\*Anywho.\*\***

**\*\*Here we goOOO\*\***

**\* \* \***

><p><em>February 13. 2:44 p.m.<em>

They didn't know how they got here, exactly.

There was a whole tonna snow, for sure... And rocks? Trees? Miscellaneous broken snowboard pieces? And-

Ah, yes.

That's right.

An avalanche.

Now, Hiccup wasn't a full-blown genius or anything, but he could very well tell you that they-that is, he and Astrid-probably should've died by now.

...Or something to that effect.

He was very glad they did not die.

She was very glad all she hurt was her ankle.

Not so glad that her phone appeared to be \_missing\_.

"You think you can call someo-\_OUCH\_," Astrid yelled, trying to stand up, but failing.

Failing very, \_very\_ hard.

Hiccup looked back and saw her struggling, and trudged through the snow (carefully) to get to her. "What happened?"

(Now, normally, he would be a lot less confident in approaching her, since, well, it was \_her\_, but who \_cares\_ at this point, really? They literally almost got buried alive by frozen water.

His social awkwardness could take a hike-he was riding off adrenaline. And, er, fear.)

It took a gargantuan effort for Astrid to restrain herself from saying "Gee, I don't know, we seem to be at the base of the mountain, but not the side we know-oh, and look! Snow! Lots of it! More than there should be! I wonder how that happened?"

She settled for: "Gee, I don't know, avalanche, maybe?" before shaking her head at him and adding, "Did you get hit on the head or something?"

Hiccup frowned. "Maybe. But I still have my helmet, so maybe not?"

Why do I like this boy again? she thought.

Why is my mouth still saying things? he thought.

After a... brief period of awkwardness (which included many a squint and double take), the brunet returned to the task at hand: help the pretty girl stand up.

One thing he noticed: her hands were covered in gloves, but he could feel their warmth.

"Your hands are warm."

One thing he did not intend to do: say that.

Thankfully, carefully, she smiled-but in a confused sort of way, as if she didn't know whether to be giddy or annoyed at his apparent lack of a thought filter.

(Technically, she was both-giddy at him, but heavily annoyed at her ankle. Gosh dang was she annoyed at her ankle.)

With his help, she almost got up.

Almost.

"Yeaaaahhhh... This isn't gonna work," Astrid said with a grunt. "You're gonna have to call someone back at the lodge. I mean, I'd help, but my phone's M.I.A. at the moment."

Hiccup nodded silently, forcing his lips to stay closed before he said something extremely ridiculous. He pulled out his phone, calling a mess of numbers one after the other-Gobber (their emergency contact for the trip), Principal Mulch, Vice Principal Bucket, Fishlegs, and even his parents.

And one after another, the calls failed partly (he barely connected to his parents) or entirely (Gobber and the rest must've either been out of range, or in that one GIANT area at the lodge that had terrible service).

Hiccup slumped down onto the snow, throwing off his helmet in frustration. "Gaahhh... This sucks."

"Hurray for snow and free ice packs," Astrid muttered a few feet behind him; she'd resigned herself to trying to fix her rapidly swelling ankle as he went about making calls.

The two teens let out large sighs, creating miniature fog clouds and drawing on the snow to pass the time until their demise.

Hiccup watched her form a snowball and throw it down to... wherever that was, and decided on Plan B.

He hastily typed and sent a message (dont freak out, but im stuck on the far side of the mountain-i think-and need to call you), then proceeded to call.

The blonde did not see him execute said plan.

And she didn't really have to worry, sort of, technically, maybe, if she did lose her phone a ways back from where they'd landed. And if it didn't start, y'know, ringing from right beside where Hiccup was sitting. Because that meant he couldn't pick it up, either.

(And y'know, they both had the darndest luck at this point.)

Except the loud beeping noise was emanating from beside the boy was real, and he did pick it up against her sorry excuse for a protest-she barely got the "n" part of "no" out-and he did stare interchangeably at the phone (which read, in all caps, "NIGHT/HICCUP") then at her with a mix of pure embarrassment and "I acknowledge that this should be counted as betrayal, but hot dang you got me good and I respect that".

"Yeaaaahhh..." Astrid said finally, with the slightest hint of guilt. "You weren't supposed to, ahem, find that out. Yet. Also! That phone should have fallen out earlier! Ha... Ha ha..."

Hiccup pointed at her, then at himself. "But you..."

"Yeah, I kne-"

"-you won," Hiccup said incredulously. "And you didn't gloat, or anything."

Astrid squinted at him. "Priorities, hotshot."

"I am prioritizing that yOU KNEW AND YOU DIDN'T GLOAT ABOUT IT," Hiccup screeched, waving his arms around wildly. (He also tried to be a bit more dramatic by standing up, but slipped and ended his little spiel sloshing around on the snow.)

She crossed her arms. "Seriously, Hiccup?"  
>He tilted his head in aggravation. "I'm <em>incredibly</em> distressed."

"That's more like it," Astrid replied smugly.

"You want to me distressed?" Hiccup seethed, raising his eyebrows challengingly. "We're at Who-knows-where at the corner of Snow and Somewhere-hopefully-near-the-lodge, our friends are missing,

and I \_just\_ found out that the girl I've liked since \_first grade\_ is also my \_best friend\_ who, I have very\_ recently\_ realized, I have also begun \_falling\_ \_fo\_-"

Idiot.

"Idiot," Astrid breathed. "\_Idiot.\_"

"IamawareofwhatIam,Astrid," Hiccup said through clenched teeth.

"You're \_so\_-"

"\_Stupid\_, I \_know\_-"

She raised up her hand as a stop sign. "-Oh, \_shut up\_, don't interrupt. You're so \_blind\_."

Hiccup raised an eyebrow. "Uh?"

The blonde crossed her arms. "Why \_wouldn't\_ I gloat, Nerd?"

"I dunno," he replied, shrugging. Astrid coaxed him on by leaning forward. "Uh, 'cause you... are... crazy?"

Astrid shut her eyes in annoyance. "Oh, I \_might\_ be."

"Because you're actually really, really nice?"

"Sometimes, but no."

"Gee, I don't know, Astrid," Hiccup said with a huff. "I can't really think straight right now, and you being all beautiful is not exactly \_helping\_. What, what, like, 'cause you like me too? Or something? Because that is completely-"

The blonde had turned away.

The brunet opened and closed his mouth in a vain attempt at restarting his vocal chords.

The girl rocked back and forth in her seat.

The boy frowned, smiled, and started awkwardly moving around his arms and rolling his shoulders. "-completely\_ cool\_, is what I was going to-\_uh\_-say\_-I think it's cool\_-we're\_ cool, we are \_really\_ cool-pun unintended-because snow-and-\_uh\_-we could, we-\_maybe\_-y'know, we could be-if they like, \_find\_ us and we don't die here or anything-and you-your ankle gets fixed up, and stuff-we could maaaaaybeee be... coooooool... together? Maybe?"

Astrid smiled-it was \_freezing\_ and her ankle \_hurt\_ and she didn't know if or when they would be found, or if her friends were \_alright\_, or if anyone even knew who had been on the slopes when the avalanche hit, but she \_smiled\_.

Because there was this \_dingus\_ in front of her who didn't know what to say or do, and she knew him so well, and \_that\_ was great. \_He\_ was great. And he thought \_she\_ was great.

So being cool was cool with her.

"Maybe's good."

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Explanations will follow in the next chap. Or two chaps.  
IDEK.<strong>

\*\*R&R!\*\*

\*\*(yo guys seriously, do not send me plots expecting me to \_actually  
use them\_, I personally find it rude as a writer because it feels  
like you're hijacking my work, when you could easily just write your  
own piece :| )\*\*

## 11. Avalanche Part II: The Couch, The Potato

\*\*weeee\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><em>Somewhere else, where there was a bunch of students crowding  
the doors, and a principal freaking out, and a ski resort employee  
<em>desperately\_ trying to fix things (A.K.A. the lodge). Time: 3:01  
p.m.:\_

"That's four of six," Gobber said, frowning at the said  
four.

Fishlegs, Snotlout, and the twins had rolled down a fairly straight  
path-they had landed right by the pathway to the lodge in a wave-like  
head of white snow. (How Fishlegs ended up with them was fuzzy in his  
own head, really, considering their adequate distance at the start of  
the incident.)

The four had passed through a significantly less rocky area, and thus  
were fairly unscathed.

(The twins were disappointed with the second point: "BOGUS. TOTALLY  
BOGUS. WE WANTED AT \_LEAST\_ A BROKEN LIMB OR SOMETHING.")

(They subsequently got detention for the remainder of their high  
school education because the principal was \_there\_ and had understood  
what they said as a confession to proactively causing the bloody  
avalanche in the first place.)

Gobber cleared his throat, turning to the ski resort employee-Oscar.  
"I hope you've got a search party out there, looking for those two  
runts. Because if the avalanche didn't kill 'em, they very well might  
strangle each other."

(He did not know about the pen pal situation. Obviously.)

Before Oscar could confirm-or deny-the status of the rangers, Ruffnut  
spoke up unexpectedly. "Astrid went left. She grabbed Hiccup and  
Fishlegs when we got hit. Must've ended up letting go of 'Legs, since  
he's here now."

The entire crowd stared at her.

"What?" she said, scrunching up her face at them. "I can be helpful. Sometimes."

The crowd turned to her twin.

"What? She can."

\* \* \*

><p><em>And back to our stranded protagonists, with the time around 3:31 p.m., still on the wintry and mountainous version of a beach, and still very much <em>not\_ found:\_

Hiccup came circling back to their position; he'd gone to find anything that could be used as a splint for Astrid's ankle, and went ahead and laid out an SOS message uphill on the snow with assorted rocks and sticks-just because.

"Here," he said, squatting down beside her and handing her a stick. "For that."

Astrid took it wordlessly-she'd been grunting in pain for the past half hour, determined to fight back anything she was currently feeling due to the burning in her ankle.

Hiccup helped her tie the stick with his shoelaces ("It's fine, my boot's shoelaces are for show,"). He moved like he knew what he was doing, like he was used to fixing up injured limbs and things.

(And he was, frankly.)

He looked up as he finished. "Feel cold?"

Astrid grit her teeth and nodded. She wasn't moving around, and she hasn't been moving around, so the air around her was catching up with her body temperature. A coat only does so much when you're sitting on snow.

And she also really hated her ankle.

"Want my coat?"

She glared at him and spoke through gritted teeth:

>Are-you-in<em>sane<em>?-Do-you-want to-fr-eeze?"

"A 'no' would've sufficed," he replied sassily.

"D-ie."

"I really don't think you mean that, milady. 'Sides, they'll be here soon."

Astrid looked at him questioningly.

He shrugged. "The tour guy said they're longest ever response time was an hour and a half, and that was during a major blizzard. We're

halfway on a pretty clear day-I think we'll live."

She gave him a look which he (correctly) roughly translated to: "I hate you, you smart-mouthed son of a gun; I hate you, and I can\_not\_believe I like you."

"Is that a yes?"

"N-o."

"Sour, much?"

"D-ie."

\* \* \*

><p><em>The lodge, where everyone was simultaneously freaking out and chilling out and hanging around not sure if they wanted to do either.<em>

\_3:59 p.m.\_

It happened like so:

There was a loud noise, and no one was sure if it was a helicopter or a wolf pack or maybe just a lot of engines, but it was \_loud\_, and they were concerned about the accident repeating itself... Until the doors opened.

And there we found that the one-legged outcast was helping the football star walk, because her \_much needed\_ ankle was off-commission.

There we found Gobber almost having a happiness heart attack, and Mulch contemplating retiring, and Bucket complaining about a headache.

There we found the kids' friends cheering and actually being pretty decent friends, and Astrid was smiling because \_wow\_ they \_did\_ care.

It was Hiccup sitting and rubbing at his peg leg because it \_was\_ getting pretty cold outside, and \_bleh\_, metal and ice don't mix very well.

It was Snotlout picking him up unexpectedly and the twins-\_carefully\_-hauling up Astrid and issuing a guest-wide cheer session because, "WOOHOO! THEY'RE \_NOT\_ DEAD!"

It was a stern (or as stern as Mulch can get) talk from the principal for all six of them, and a warning, and detention for four, and, for some unknown, \_insane\_ reason, releasing them back into the wild-that is, the ski resort.

And it was two 15 year olds sitting on the couch in the lobby, falling asleep on each others' shoulders for a solid two hours, one with a bandaged foot (turns out it wasn't \_that\_ bad, not a fracture or anything), and one with a missing foot.

Her phone was back in her pocket.



His was somewhere in his coat.

Neither had code-named classmates in their contact lists anymore.

\* \* \*

><p><em>6:04 p.m.<em>

Astrid poked him on the cheek.

"Whu-"

She looked as sleepy as he felt, but she was up nonetheless, and the sun was a mix of orange and violet, so he thought he could try to keep his eyes open for the sunset.

(Or something equally as beautiful.)

Astrid laughed throatily. "I'm gonna forget to say, and you're gonna forget to ask."

"Huh?"

"How I knew, ya nerd."

Hiccup leaned back, stretching slightly. He didn't know when in the past-uhhh, one? two?-hours found its way across her shoulders, but he wasn't sure if it was safe to leave it there now that they were awake. "Right. I already forgot. Because ankle."

"Thanks for that," she replied, apparently missing his arm, because she leaned back on him and put it around her person.

Like, out of her own free will.

(Hiccup almost died.)

She almost dozed off, but he nudged her gently. "Riiight. The-yawn-thing."

"Would be nice to know, y'know."

"...You would bug me until my grave, wouldn't you?"

Hiccup smiled all goofy-like. "You know me too well."

"Well, I guess I had a hunch after you didn't send me that one picture of Toothless sleeping on your foot," Astrid said lazily, watching the sunny haze on the mountainside.

Hiccup straightened abruptly. "But that was in September..."

"Yeah? So?" she said, straightening herself as well. "You suck at the whole anonymity thing, dude. What kind of normal teen would care if someone asked for a picture of their foot?"

"Are you saying I'm not normal?"

"Obviously. I wouldn't like you if you were, probably," she replied bluntly.

He squinted at her.

She ignored it and continued. "I'm also one of the meanest girls in the 8th grade, and the other three have prison records and have \_never\_ helped Gothi cross the street."

He continued squinting.

"The street which is seen from your house," she added, earning her a confused look from the boy. "My mom came over to your place once-had to ask your mom something about cake-and I stayed in the car and noticed how close it was to Gothi's place."

"Okay, okay. So you knew since September," he said slowly. "Doesn't explain why you would still be my friend."

Astrid shook her head. "I had a \_hunch\_ since September. I've known since November."

"You suck at explaining things."

"\_The fight\_, you idiot," she said, accenting the words with a slap on his shoulder. "\_I\_ was the one who pulled Snotlout off of you."

Hiccup was doing this weird thing with his face: it was a mix of, say, "What." and "But." and "How.", with a dash of "WHAT."

Astrid leaned back on the couch again, eyes fixated at the almost-over sunset, and voice either sad or angry or both. "You would \_remember\_, but he knocked you out, and your phone was out, and I saw my name-well, 'Stormy'-on it, and I \_almost\_ knocked Snotlout out, too."

"But \_you're\_ the responsible one," Hiccup added.

She nodded her head slowly. "But I'm the responsible one."

\* \* \*

><p><strong>I'm tired and the insomnia is catching up with me so blehhhh sorry <strong>

\*\*R&R?\*\*

12. Eyyy, V-Dayyy

\*\*LOL CARPAL TUNNEL WHY\*\*

\*\*little filler\*\*

\*\*also yknow\*\*

\*\*why would i end it there\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><em>February 14. 10:32 a.m.<em>

You sent: \_how's the foot\_

1 new message from Astrid: \_Ankle.\_

1 new message from Astrid: \_Not as bad.\_

1 new message from Astrid: \_How's YOUR foot?\_

You sent: \_oh harhar\_

1 new message from Astrid: \_You laughed.\_

1 new message from Astrid: \_You're hiding in the hallway.\_

1 new message from Astrid: \_Like, I can SEE you laughing right now.\_

You sent: \_i will deny it forever\_

1 new message from Astrid: \_Nerd.\_

You sent: \_meheh\_

You sent: \_look away for a sec\_

1 new message from Astrid: \_What.\_

1 new message from Astrid: \_Why?\_

You sent: \_duh\_

You sent: \_so i can pretend to surprise you\_

You sent: \_you were supposed to help me talk to\_

You sent: \_er\_

You sent: \_you\_

You sent: \_today\_

You sent: \_remember\_

1 new message from Astrid: \_Yes.\_

1 new message from Astrid: \_Which was when you were \*supposed\* to find out.\_

1 new message from Astrid: \_Not, y'know, yesterday.\_

You sent: \_yes\_

You sent: \_ ...terday was cool though\_

1 new message from Astrid: \_Very cool.\_

1 new message from Astrid: \_...Fine, I won't look.\_

1 new message from Astrid: \_You have two minutes.\_

You sent:\_ yehehehehehesssseessss\_

\* \* \*

><p><em>February 14. 10:48 a.m.<em>

Astrid was sitting on one of the \_extremely \_comfortable reclining chairs in the lounge room, her foot up and her head down, fixated on her phone.

Hiccup sneaked up behind her, putting a hand over her eyes ever so slowly.

"Oh, \_dear\_. Who might \_this\_ be?" Astrid said with every ounce of sarcasm and robotic voicing she could muster.

"You're no fun," he replied, restoring her vision and handing her a small, wrapped box.

The blonde stared at it, surprised.

The brunet raised a brow, unconvinced. "\_Really\_? \_That's\_ the best you got?"

Astrid stared at it some more before coughing out: "T-this was not-I didn't think you would \_bring \_a gift."

He furrowed his brows. "For my best friend in the entire world?"

"...I didn't get you anything."

"Yeah, you did."

"What?"

"Yourself."

She turned to him, annoyed. "That your best line?"

Hiccup shrugged. "Probs. Go on."

She did.

And she \_laughed\_.

"\_This\_ is how you were gonna tell me? Other than, you know, \_telling\_ me?" she said between laughs, looking at him for an answer.

He grinned proudly. "\_Oh \_yeah."

"You're a \_nut job\_."

"I might be."

She waved the box above her head. "Let it be known that you \_wrote me

a note\_ and \_wrapped it neatly\_ before giving it to me."

"You say that like it's a \_bad\_ thing."

"Hiccup, has anyone ever told you that you tend to be \_dramatic\_?"

The boy tilted his head. "My mom, once."

Astrid reached behind her and took hold of his arms, crossing them over her. "She was right."

(It said, "\_psst stormy im the loser with one leg\_")

\* \* \*

><p><em>February 14. 6:15 p.m.<em>

1 new message from Astrid: \_Happy Valentine's Day?\_

You sent: \_happy valentine's day\_

You sent: \_but only if you ditch the rebels and acknowledge my existence\_

1 new message from Astrid: \_EXCUSE ME?\_

1 new message from Astrid: \_I acknowledged you PLENTY.\_

You sent: \_cant remember\_

You sent: \_too long ago\_

1 new message from Astrid: \_That less than an hour ago.\_

You sent: \_too looongggggg\_

1 new message from Astrid: \_Child.\_

You sent: \_technically\_

You sent: \_i am\_

1 new message from Astrid: \_...\_

You sent: \_[heart]\_

You sent: \_^not sarcastic\_

1 new message from Astrid: \_[heart]\_

1 new message from Astrid: \_^Very sarcastic.\_

You sent: \_i came here to have a good time and honestly i am feeling so attacked right now\_

1 new message from Astrid: \_You didn't.\_

You sent: \_i executed it perfectly\_

You sent: \_admit it\_

1 new message from Astrid: \_You executed it perfectly.\_

You sent: \_yesss\_

You sent: \_do i get a prize?\_

1 new message from Astrid: \_Come to our table and find out.\_

You sent: \_that sounded threatening\_

You sent: \_why did that sound threatening\_

You sent: \_...astrid?\_

You sent: \_i can see you you know im only a few tables away\_

You sent: \_...\_

You sent: \_why are you giving me that face\_

You sent: \_im not going over there\_

You sent: \_you'll punch me\_

You sent: \_im like 900% sure\_

\* \* \*

><p><em>February 14. 7:02 p.m.<em>

1 new message from Astrid: \_Why are you giving me that face...\_

1 new message from Astrid: \_Hiccup?\_

1 new message from Astrid: \_HICCUP.\_

1 new message from Astrid: \_I know you can see these, I can see you checking your phone.\_

1 new message from Astrid: \_Uh.\_

1 new message from Astrid: \_Why are you giving me that face, Hiccup...\_

1 new message from Astrid: \_And you're walking over.\_

1 new message from Astrid: \_I can hear your phone buzzing from here. W\_

1 new message from Astrid: W\_hat do you think you'\_

\* \* \*

><p><em>February 14. 7:08 p.m.<em>

You sent: \_happy valentine's day\_

1 new message from Astrid: \_Rude.\_

You sent: \_you liked it\_

1 new message from Astrid: \_Irrelevant.\_

1 new message from Astrid: \_Still rude.\_

You sent: \_and we have the truth!\_

1 new message from Astrid: \_No, that's not fair!\_

You sent: \_it is\_

You sent: \_in MY book\_

You sent: \_also your hair smells nice\_

1 new message from Astrid: \_Thanks.\_

1 new message from Astrid: \_Still mad.\_

You sent:\_ liar\_

You sent: \_you're fighting back a smile\_

You sent: \_LET IT FREEEEEE\_

You sent:\_ ahahaha\_

1 new message from Astrid: \_...\_

You sent: \_you spent a lot of time on that text\_

You sent: \_lots of time\_

You sent: \_rofl everyone around you is still\_

You sent: \_frozen \_

You sent: \_was it really that shocking tho\_

1 new message from Astrid: \_You do know Fishlegs is gaping at you, right?\_

You sent: \_oh\_

You sent: \_no i did not\_

1 new message from Astrid: \_And yes it was.\_

1 new message from Astrid: \_To them at least.\_

1 new message from Astrid: \_You suck at tact, Nerd.\_

You sent: \_dad said that once\_

You sent: \_er\_

You sent: \_thrice\_

1 new message from Astrid: \_...\_

You sent: \_?\_

1 new message from Astrid: \_You do not, however, suck at kissing.\_

\* \* \*

><p>(It was a walk to her table and interrupting her friends' conversation mid-sentence by leaning down and, as the twins said, "Smooching like a couple of newlyweds.")<p>

(Hiccup swung his arms as he walked back to his seat, and Astrid had made a "well that was a pleasant surprise" face, keeping the grin down-they'd honestly acted as if they'd practiced the scenario.)

(...Then again, their PDA session before dinner \_could've\_ been counted as practice, considering how \_long\_ it took.)

\* \* \*

><p><strong>need to keep these short because of le wrists  
;oi<strong>

\*\*R&R tho\*\*

End  
file.